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JAN PENGELLY.

By JAMES PATEY.

CHAPTER I.

FOUR men sat one night in the little old-fashioned parlour of the 'Tregartha Arms,' a low-ceilinged room, odorous of fish and tobacco-smoke. Specimens of copper ore were ranged along the mantel-shelf, and above it hung the glazed presentment of a frigate, worked in faded worsteds—the only other embellishment of the walls being the pictorial sailing-bill of a line of steamers calling at Falmouth.

Two candles in brass candlesticks stood on the scarred mahogany table, and sufficiently lighted the room. The youngest of the men was seated writing at one end of the table, the other three facing him. He was a man of thirty, well built, and somewhat handsome. There was determination in his face, and in his large bold writing, and a characteristic touch of vigour in the swift thrust with which he sheathed his pencil, and the final snap of his pocket-book.

'Well, gentlemen,' he said, leaning over the table, 'to-morrow I shall carefully write out my report for the syndicate, but you already know my decision. I am strongly of opinion that with more modern machinery and economy in working, Wheal Tregartha may yet be made a paying property. I am sorry, Captain Trefusis, that you cannot confirm my report. I am a stranger to Cornish mines, and my experience has been gathered elsewhere. It would give me great satisfaction to have my judgment endorsed by a local expert like yourself, but since you so strongly differ from me, I must make the most of my unsupported opinion.'

Trefusis, the mining captain, a tall, dark, black-bearded man, blew a cloud of smoke, and answered slowly: 'Wheal Tregartha has not paid a dividend for ten years, Mr Cameron, and

never will again. What's the use of throwing good money after bad?'

'There's a curse on the mine,' broke in Edwards, an older man, with a bronzed face and silver earrings; 'Tregartha pit has never prospered since they ancient bones was found in the old workings. Doctor Bolitho scraped they bones, and measured them. "These be men's bones," says he, "but they'm never the bones of Cornishmen;" and he packed 'em in a fish-basket and sent 'em up to Saint Somebody's Hospital in London, and iver since then the copper failed, and bad luck came; and now there's moans in the mine—moans! (his prolongation of the vowel was peculiarly dismal), and folks zay 'tis the watter in some cave when the tide comes in; but I b'lieve 'tis the moans of the sperrits a-searching for they bones.' He would have continued his lugubrious talk, but an admonitory kick from the boot of Trefusis under the table silenced him.

Roskree, the third miner, who, like Edwards, spoke with a strong Cornish accent, observed sententiously: 'There isn't a man in Cornwall who knows more about copper than Cap'n Josiah Trefusis here, and 'tis no use zaying that bad is good.'

Then Trefusis spoke again, taking a lump of ore from his pocket, and pushing it somewhat rudely across the table: 'Look at that, Mr Cameron, that's the best we've found. In these days, when copper's to be had all the world over, will such stuff pay for the digging, and smelting, and bringing to market?'

Cameron civilly examined the ore, and replied: 'I do not attach much importance to this or any particular sample; but I think it probable that a much richer lode exists,

not far from the working whence this was taken.'

Trefusis, starting to his feet and speaking loudly and aggressively, said: 'I daresay, Mr Cameron, your friends will raise the new capital on your report. It is easier to pour money down a Cornish mine than to get money out of it; in the old brisk days of mining speculation, we had a saying here that "fools' money is as plentiful as pilchards." For myself, I am simply a miner, and mind my own business. I know nothing of the ways of your stock-jobbing syndicates!'

The speech was intentionally rude, and a momentary flush of anger mounted to the cheek of Cameron; but he calmed himself, and replied good-humouredly: 'Well, Captain Trefusis, we need not quarrel. I am much indebted to you for your assistance in my three days' investigation. The inspection of a disused mine is a difficult and somewhat dangerous task, and I shall not neglect to acknowledge your services in my report. Personally, I am much obliged to you, and to our friends here; and now, gentlemen, I wish you all good-night; and shaking hands with each, he left the room.'

The three men smoked in quiet for a few minutes, and Roskree broke the silence: 'He's a smart man, that Cameron, and he knows his business. My days! but he was within a few yards of our lode this morning! I expected every minute he'd drive into it with his pick.'

'If he had,' said Trefusis fiercely, 'I'd have driven into him with mine!' and he brought his hand down upon the table with such violence that his pipe was broken to atoms; and smiling grimly at his own vehemence, he gathered the fragments and ashes in his broad palm, and flung them contemptuously into the fireplace, as though he were disposing of the objectionable Cameron.

'Hush! don't 'ee talk so,' whispered Edwards; and Roskree, glancing cautiously towards the door, said, 'I think us had better get outdoors;' and shouting a good-night to the landlord as they passed through the outer room, they went out into the little village street.

It was a lovely night, and warm even for the spring of this southern coast. The white cottages gleamed luminous in the moonlight; a quivering radiance fell across the waters of the little cove, and the outlines of the cliffs were dimly visible; while far away, at the end of the ghostly headland, shone the great twin-lights of the Lizard.

There was a sound of voices abroad, the talk of neighbours across the low hedges and little garden gates, with whisperings and occasional laughter; a tranquil hour dedicated to gossip and sweethearting, and sacred to the evening pipe.

Edwards and Roskree exchanged frequent greetings with acquaintances, right and left, as they walked down towards the beach, but Trefusis strode silently on. The fishing-boats were drawn up in a row on the sand, and seating themselves on the side of a boat, the three men smoked and watched the silver fringe of the advancing tide.

The mining captain was in a sorry temper. He and his two companions alone knew of the

existence of a rich lode of copper that would retrieve the fortunes of the Tregartha mine, and he had hoped to keep the secret till he had contrived to buy up many of the shares at a minimum price; but this new project to raise fresh capital, and resume the working, had quite upset his calculations. In a few weeks his secret might be everybody's information.

'Curse the fellow and his syndicate!' he cried bitterly; 'our game's half spoilt, mates. In six months I'd have got half Wheal Tregartha in my own hands: as it is, the mine will soon be opened again. We have short notice now to scrape up whatever loose shares we can.'

'You promised, cap'n, that you would give us each a tidy bit for helping 'ee,' said Edwards dubiously. 'Surely you won't rin word now?'

'I promised you shares, and shares you shall have; haven't I already given you forty apiece?'

'They didn't cost 'ee much,' said Roskree; 'old Bolitho said he was glad enough to turn the rummage out of his bureau.'

'There's more to be had equally cheap, if we hold our tongues a bit longer,' replied Trefusis; 'old Parson Trevennick holds a lot.'

'I think us might leave the old parson alone,' said Edwards; 'he's poor enough, by all accounts.'

'And whose poorer than yourself, Dick Edwards?' asked Trefusis. 'Haven't you got sense enough to hold tight to the one bit of luck that was ever put in your way?'

'Parson Trevennick was very good to me when my little maid was bad,' broke in Roskree, 'and so was Miss Trevennick; and if this business was going to make 'em suffer, rather than hold my tongue I'd putt a shillin' in the hand of every town-crier in Cornwall, and cry the new lode through the county.'

'You never had shillings enough for that job, Roskree,' rejoined Trefusis, 'and never will, if you don't show more sense. I didn't think you were such a soft fool!'

'Not exactly a fule,' answered Roskree, 'but I'm trying to be a durned rogue, and I baint half cut out for the character.'

'Well, well,' said Trefusis soothingly, 'I won't middle with the parson; and after all, I can only buy what other folks will sell; and buying and selling is no crime, Roskree. But don't despise the shares, men; although they cost little, they are worth a good deal.'

'Ees, us know that,' replied Roskree contentedly: 'the shares be really worth a pretty penny.'

'There's a brave heap of money yet in Wheal Tregartha,' added Edwards.

A moment later, to their utter dismay, a tall figure sprang up from the shadow of the next boat, and walked across the sand. 'Who's that?' shouted Trefusis; and the three leapt to their feet, and hastened after the retreating form.

'It's all right,' cried Roskree, who was foremost to the others; 'tis only Jan Pengelly;' and Edwards, hurrying up, repeated, in a tone of relief, 'All right, 'tis only Jan!'

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Tall and lithe, with a mass of red hair, and clear-cut features, Jan Pengelly had the restless, over-eager look of one denied the full endowment of reason. His handsome face was not lacking in a certain wistful intelligence; but in spite of his twenty years it was a child's mind that looked out from his blue eyes, and he had all a child's simplicity and irresponsibility, with much of a child's swift intuition. In the idiom of the west country, Jan was 'half-mazed.' His fisherman's jersey was much mended, and he wore an old cap of otter-skin; and there was a touch of the picturesque in his bearing and gesture.

'What be 'ee down on the beach by yourself this time o' night for, Jan?' asked Edwards, overtaking him.

The answer came in a clear ringing voice: 'I was just watching the tide, and the moon, and the glory of the watter—'tis a brave, beautiful night!'

'Have 'ee been fishing to-day, Jan?' inquired Roskree.

'No,' replied Jan; 'I've been doing a bit of gardening up to the rectory, and clipping the hedges. And I've found a rare lot of purty stones, and heaped them up at the end of the garden for ferns to graw between; and Miss Trevennick's been mortal pleased with me all day.'

By this time they had reached the houses, and Edwards and Roskree said good-night and turned homewards, leaving the other two to continue their way to the farther end of the village.

'Jan,' said Trefusis, taking his arm as they walked together, 'did you hear anything said when you were lying down there in the boat?'

'Ees, I heard the words of all of 'ee,' was the reply.

'And what did you hear, Jan?'

'I heard 'ee talk about Parson Trevennick, and I heard old Edwards say, "There's a brave heap o' money in Wheal Tregurtha;" but I reckon old Edwards is a fule. Ees, I heard the words of all of 'ee; but 'tis no odds to me.'

They had come to the captain's dwelling, and turning to the other, Trefusis said: 'Wait here a minute, Jan; I've got something to show you.' He entered the house, and re-appeared in a few moments with a leather case in his hand.

Looking fiercely in the lad's face, he said: 'Promise me, Jan, that you won't tell anybody what you heard Edwards, Roskree, and me talking about on the beach.'

Jan answered, 'Tis no business of mine. I won't tell anybody.'

Opening the case with a spring, the captain asked, 'Do 'ee know what these be, Jan?'

'Pistols!' cried the lad, shrinking back; 'putt 'em away, cap'n, do 'ee!'

Trefusis took out one of the weapons—it was beautifully made, and glittered in the moonlight—and with his face close to Jan's, he whispered hoarsely, 'Promise me, solemn!'

'I promise 'ee, solemn,' gasped Jan.

'When I was in Peru,' said the miner, 'among a rough lot of men that weren't exactly Methodists, I carried these pistols day

and night; and look here, my lad, if you say one single word to any living soul, as sure as your name's Jan Pengelly, I'll shoot 'ee like a dog!'

'I won't say wan word to a living sawl. I promise 'ee, solemn!' cried the terrified lad.

Trefusis returned the pistol to its case, and closing it, said, in a milder tone: 'And Jan, my boy, if you hold your tongue, and mind your own business, some fine day, perhaps, I'll give 'ee one of these pistols for yourself, to shoot the sea-birds.'

'No, no, cap'n,' protested Jan, 'I couldn't touch 'em, and I couldn't bear to shoot the say-birds; I stale their eggs, I knaw, but I wouldn't hurt a feather of 'em.'

So Captain Trefusis went into his house with his mind full of fear and suspicion of Jan Pengelly, and Jan went home to the widow's cottage, where he lodged, with the threat of the captain hissing in his ears, and the vision of the little glittering pistol haunting him.

POVERTY'S PLEASURES.

Is it not 'A.K.H.B.' who, in one of his charming 'Recreations,' deals gently and tenderly with the gradual abandonment of the high ambitions of youth? He notes how the aspiring lad, who keeps the Woolsack before his eyes as goal, is very well content, a few decades later, to have a modest practice at the Bar; or how the undergraduate who sees himself in imagination occupying Lambeth Palace at the very least, thinks himself fortunate at forty to be presented to a vicarage in Wales, with an income of two hundred a year.

Many of us fixed, during childhood—comparative childhood at least—the annual income which we considered would suffice us through life, and which we felt every confidence in being provided with by Providence. Few of us perhaps limited our requirements to the same modest scale as those of the poet, who

Often wished that he had clear

For life six hundred pounds a year,

even when he hastens to add

A handsome house to lodge a friend,

A river at my garden's end.

I remember that for many years I fixed five hundred pounds as the amount of annual income wherewith I could content myself. The means by which it was to be acquired occupied a very limited place in my forecast of the future. I suppose I had the universal Micawber trust in 'something turning up.'

In those days, and indeed in days comparatively recent, there was a formidable list of accessories, without which life did not seem to be worth mentioning. I doubt if I have any greater cause for self-gratulation than the fact that as my prospect, or rather my hope, of income has faded and died, my long list of apparent necessities has diminished in like proportion. Nay, more, Poverty herself, who in

the distance appeared forlorn and empty-handed, has brought with her pleasures which affluence never carries.

Time was that I envied with bitter, coveting envy those who rode, drove, and cycled; I decline to speak or write that up-to-date but altogether hideous word, to 'bike'—hideous as the curved back and widespreading elbows of too many 'bikers,' and suggesting to one's mind nothing so much as a Cockney and his bread. But now they pass unheeded by; rubber-wheeled dogcart, swift and silent; light-footed, dainty-headed hack, with dancing steps; nor—unless, indeed, the rider be a dainty being of the gentle sex, with veiled, half-glancing eyes, and rosy, breeze-fanned cheeks—unless, I say, such a one be the occupant of the saddle, I pay no envious heed to cyclists, wheelists—or if they so desire to be called—'bikists,' glide they never so swiftly.

With not one of them would I exchange my bemired boots, my tough ash stick, and my knapsack; for from what an endless host of anxieties am I not free. Driving tours: riding tours; to sit day after day for four or five hours, with cramped legs and uneasy back, or stretched asunder in a saddle, while with measured pace you cover thirty or forty miles of carefully selected roads, your mind revolving a thousand cares. What power to charm will the finest scenery possess if the road threaten your springs, or a few hundred yards be newly stoned? Is your steed lively? The Fates will not need a traction-engine or a pot-shot to overthrow both yourself and your plans. Does he seem more than usually sluggish after leaving last night's halt? The thought suggests itself that while you were comfortably discussing your dinner, and eulogising the hotel cook's talent for *entrées* and sweets, or deciphering brasses, and admiring mouldings in that delightful fourteenth-century church, your gallant grey, bay, or roan was being defrauded of his hard-earned supper by an ostler of indifferent moral perceptions. These be some of the pleasures of those who trust in the legs of a horse.

And where is the member of the Cyclists' Touring Club, who cannot, if he will, 'a tale unfold' of toil and disaster; of roads stony and steep; of thorn-pierced tyres, and broken saddle-springs, the disaster always occurring with wonderful precision at the farthest possible point from the nearest 'consul,' and where the village blacksmith knows not the cyclist nor his ways? And what does the devotee of the wheel, after all, see of the country, though he may fly through four or five counties in the day? Why, the veriest skirts of it only; the fringes of the district which are known to thousands of his fraternity. He skims on and on, at his ten or twelve miles an hour; he sleeps at one town, lunches fifty miles down the road, and has covered a hundred miles or more for his day's work. He visits the prescribed 'lions' of his path only. What does he see of the people and their local customs? what does he note of the changes of dialect from county to county? He sees the scenery to advantage, you say. Yes, but if there is a choice of roads before him, he eagerly chooses the flat one, which is probably the least pic-

turesque; and what does he see of shady by-lanes, field-paths, and remote hamlets? No, the cyclist may know the high-roads of half England, but he does not know the country.

But with the man to whom horse-flesh and 'latest makes' are inaccessible luxuries, and who trusts to nature and easy-fitting boots, it is different. His modest four miles an hour carries him half-way across a county in a day, and still leaves him time and vigour for one or two deviations from the road. His pace does not whirl him superciliously past the slow-footed, gazing country-folk. He can linger for a few moments to chat to the farmer, crossing the road to his fields; can stop and question the children who, pouring at noon out of school, stare wonderingly at the sunburnt man, with the schoolboy's satchel on his shoulder; or walk half a mile with the wagoner, and admire the grooming of his horses; or with the drover behind his flock—but this is, I admit, a somewhat dusty pleasure.

Oh, it is a supreme moment, one fit to have appeared in Mr Barry Pain's famous mirror, when in the fresh crispness of an early autumn morning, with a gray, billowy sky, and a gently-rising barometer, one shoulders the knapsack, seizes the homely ash stick, and 'takes the road.' Old and tried friends both stick and satchel; the former guiltless of ornament, save on the handle the dark natural polish begotten of years of contact with a caressing hand; and below, two or three roughly-cut dates and mountain names—English names only, as yet. What consideration has gone to the packing of the satchel, before the happy medium between one's needs on the one hand, and one's burden-bearing capacity on the other, has been hit. Shaving materials have been refused admission, a razor being a heavy thing for its size; besides, the cost of being shaved in a country town or village never exceeds twopence per diem—I have often been shaved for one penny—and the charge includes the barber's conversation, and your barber—I decline to relinquish the word for 'hairdresser,' as desired by certain of my friends—your country barber is a man of wide local information, and affable manners in imparting it.

A week's unalloyed pleasure lies before me as I tramp away over the firm clean roads, where the dust is laid as yet by the heavy dew. I have no unalterable course, no anxious fears as to the state of the roads; I am even fairly indifferent to the weather. In this much-maligned country it seldom rains all day; to the man of indoor habits it sometimes appears to do so, because the rain frequently falls when he wishes to go out, but that misfortune can hardly be laid to the door of the weather. He—the man—should alter his arrangements; it is palpably absurd to expect nature to take the role of the old man with his donkey, and attempt to suit thirty millions of people. But, out of doors, rain is not so bad as it looks; and if you are caught in a shower, and no inn, or farmhouse, or cottage is handy for shelter, there is usually a tree—the heaviest rain takes a long time to come through a fine elm in full leaf—or a high overhanging hedge or a haystack. The latter, however, is more of

a shield from wind than from rain. What a luxury it is on a cloudless March day, when the wind comes like a razor from the north-east, to gain the south side of the rick in a field corner. It is warmer than a feather-bed. Pity that the crowning luxury of a pipe must not follow the bread-and-cheese lunch, but that is out of the question; a powder-magazine would be as suitable a place.

Pleasanter than the lea-side of a rick, when twelve miles or more have been covered, and the unclouded sun is riding high, will be the cool parlour of some village inn, where I can linger lazily over home-baked bread, and cheese, and cool ruddy ale, and enjoy a guiltless and digestive whiff. Then, as the afternoon draws on, the march is resumed with somewhat slackened pace, and an ever-increasing readiness to pause and give due meed of admiration to any striking 'bit,' or to lean over the gates of cottage gardens and compliment neatly-capped old ladies on their stocks and asters.

And what possible power could a driving-tour possess of giving that happy anticipation of dinner which is felt as the day's goal draws near. And, the inn found, the dinner ordered and eaten, and the town inspected, if enough daylight remains for the purpose, what luxurious ease is mine as I settle myself in a corner of the leather divan in the cosy bar—that is, supposing principles permit this relaxation.

Mine do. 'Be it a weakness,' I must still admit that I can spend an evening hour very happily in such quarters. Settled in a corner, with 'something' before me—it is not necessary to particularise—and a clay pipe, about half the length of the time-honoured 'yard,' I can watch with keen interest the steady dropping in of the convivial citizens for their evening glass and chat. It is strange, indeed, if here one cannot add to one's store of local knowledge and 'table-talk.' If the oldest inhabitant is not present in person, there will be some one who is intimate with him—perhaps a son—who can retail his store of recollections. The landlord will listen to accounts of a day's walk with most gratifying interest; pedestrians are comparatively rare nowadays; tourists number tens of thousands, but they use the all-attractive wheel. So that the cyclist, once the object of curious attention wherever he rode, now scarcely causes a glance or a comment; the 'tramp,' knapsack on back, and stick in hand, excites far more remark.

How imposing and substantial the remittances which those men of might, the editors, sometimes send us, appear to the impecunious one! How they would dwindle and shrink—or seem to—if the income was suddenly doubled or trebled! It being what it is, what a fillip their arrival gives us. Instead of being mere 'drops in the bucket' of our means, they are charmingly out of proportion to our weekly, monthly, quarterly 'rentes.' Nothing like a minute income for enhancing the pleasure of the unexpected.

If only the editor was more liberal of his columns, I might enlarge on the conventionalities from the grasp of which poverty frees us—the functions some of us are spared for lack of a dress-coat. But it is needless; my

suppressed instances will suggest themselves to every fellow-pauper, who will smile with me at the sneer of those who may choose to insinuate that

The face of wealth in poverty we wear.

A LOCAL VIEW.

By P. L. M'DERMOTT.

CHAPTER V.—BEYOND RECALL.

THE light frankness of young Farnley's manner and character, and his old-time relations with Mary Dalton as a playmate before he became a lover, dispensed perhaps with that need of observance which her position imposed upon another. When he first met the ladies at Herne Bay, holding out both hands to them, with the warmth of boyish sympathy, he did not hesitate for a moment to declare that he had followed them on learning, when he came home, where they had gone.

This frankness made any awkwardness of reserve impossible on either side, and he went to their lodgings to tea. There he related how, on reaching South Africa and going on to the Transvaal, he found everything so different from what his imagination had pictured, that the impulse to come home again at once possessed him. He did not yield to it at once, ingeniously confessing, with a half-shamed laugh, that he remained longer only for sake of appearance, and that he was convinced from the first hour of setting foot in Johannesburg that he had made a fool of himself. All this disarmed criticism; and he said that he would remain where he was until his father found some fresh work for him and summoned him back for it.

It was impossible to appear more harmless and undesigning than he showed himself for the next two or three days—meeting mother and daughter often (as was unavoidable in so small a place), but by no means intruding. Nevertheless, Mrs Dalton would rather he had not come there, and it was the uneasiness of of this thought that had prompted the postscript to Dr Maitland.

One advantage Farnley had derived, or seemed to have derived, from his brief foreign travel, appealed insensibly to Mary Dalton's approval. Without in the least losing the delicacy of his feminine face, he appeared to have lost a certain 'about-townish' air which had belonged to him before going away. Mary was quite unconscious of thinking about him; but she did make some mental comparisons, and began to open her mind to the insidious and dangerous opinion that, removed from the associations and influences of London, an improved identity began to assert itself in the young man.

It was at this critical stage that, walking one afternoon on the esplanade with her mother, Mary Dalton noticed herself several times regarded with apparent interest by a woman who, with some children, occupied one of the seats. The girl drew her mother's attention to the circumstance, but Mrs Dalton did not know the woman. Afterwards, when they

took a seat, and young Farmley returned from boating, Mary Dalton asked him if he knew the stranger.

The young man regarded the woman (who was some fifty yards away) for a second or two.

'I know the children,' he answered, 'and I suppose she is their mother. One of the little ones looks as if she had been ill. They are from Croham.'

Well, Croham was rather outside the sphere of Mary Dalton's home interests, and she dismissed the visitors from her thoughts. But later in the evening, when she was walking alone, Mary noticed the woman again, observing her as before; and now another idea came to her mind that awakened a new interest. If the child had been ill, and they came from Croham, they might know Dr Maitland.

So it happened, that the desire to talk about him to a stranger, led Mary to introduce herself to Mrs Brock, and to listen, after fifteen minutes' conversation, with surprise and pleasure to the story that Dr Maitland had heard. The result could not be otherwise than as the poor doctor had dimly feared—a warning of the girl's generous heart to a young fellow who concealed his good qualities even from those most intimate with him.

In the soft hour of sunset, when all the watering-place were sitting on the esplanade, Mr Frederick Farmley was perched on a boulder on the beach, with a large cigar in his teeth, apparently fishing with a string in a pool left by the retiring tide. The cigar seemed to be giving him trouble, either on account of its size or its refusal to smoke, and it occupied a good deal of his attention.

'How absurd! mamma,' said Mary Dalton, who had been watching him with amusement unusual to her of late. 'Look at Freddie Farmley trying to manage a big cigar. I suppose he brought that from South Africa. A cigarette, I fancy, is more according to his capacity.'

The young man seemed to be struck by some consideration of the same nature, for he took the cigar from his mouth, examined it gravely for a minute, and then, holding it up in apparent irresolution, cast it into the water. Mary smiled at the dénouement.

'I wonder what he can be fishing for, mamma? Might I go and see?'

'If you take care not to get your feet damp,' assented her mother with some reluctance, which she did not show.

He was smoking a cigarette now, with more satisfaction, and when the girl approached, he looked up without much appearance of interest.

'What are you trying to catch?' she asked.

'You will catch wet feet if you give another step forward,' he replied. 'Come round behind me; here is another stone which you can sit upon. I am trying to catch a young fish that its parents left behind in this little pool on their last tidal visit to these shores.'

'The fish is too wise to be caught by a bit of string,' said Mary.

'It isn't an attractive bait, I admit; but

there's no calculating on the foolishness of a young fish, especially in failing light. However, the enterprise is beginning to look a failure. Shall we go back?' he said, casting away the string.

She rose to accompany him, and when they reached the esplanade, he suggested a walk to the end along the beach.

'I was talking to Mrs Brock this evening, Freddie,' she said presently, in a low tone, 'and I heard something about you that surprised me.'

'It must have been something good, if that was the effect,' he answered, laughing.

'It was something good—something very generous,' she said, more warmly.

He seemed to divine her allusion, and turning quickly, betrayed genuine vexation. This did not pass unnoticed by the girl, and it added to her better opinion of him.

'It seems to annoy you to be found out, Freddie. I shall never speak of it again. But I couldn't help saying how—how glad it made me to learn it.' She said it very winsomely, and he was softened.

'Why glad, Mary?'

'You wrong yourself, by letting people think you are incapable of generous acts.'

After a pause he answered: 'Perhaps I do; but is it always—or ever—worth while to trouble about what people think? My experience, small as it is, goes to show that things of that sort mostly right themselves—I mean misapprehensions; and when they don't, it doesn't much matter.'

'But every one has some particular friends whom it is not right to mislead?'

'I—don't know, Mary,' he replied, with some hesitation; 'perhaps yes, and perhaps no. I will not deny, however, that I am pleased that—any discovery concerning me has made you glad. We have known each other a good while.'

There was no insinuation whatever in the manner of this speech, but Mary Dalton did not answer it, because it did nevertheless convey an insinuation that disturbed her.

'Talking about misapprehensions,' he resumed presently, after lighting another cigarette, 'if I chose, Mary, I could tell you something about one that would surprise you still more.'

'Concerning yourself?'

'Concerning me.' He halted, and touched her arm with his finger in a grave way very odd to him. 'Concerning me—and concerning your uncle. I confess it surprised me also.'

The girl did not know what to say. She glanced timidly at his face, and saw that he was quite serious. She felt, without clearly realising it, that she was on the brink of a discovery of great consequence to herself. Uncertain and nervous, she took refuge in instinct.

'Shall we go back to mamma?'

'I think so,' he answered quietly.

And during the walk back he said not another word on that topic, until they were approaching where Mrs Dalton sat.

'Mary,' he then inquired, 'does your aunt know of that matter you learned from Mrs Brock?'

'No.'

'Then promise me not to tell her.'

'I have already promised never again to speak of it, Freddie.'

He inclined his head to express his satisfaction with the assurance; and on Mary Dalton seating herself beside her mother, Farmley took the place on the other side of Mrs Dalton.

The conversation was commonplace, and Mrs Dalton was not long in noticing that it was mostly confined to herself and young Farmley. An unusual pensiveness had settled upon her daughter, and her silence was the more remarkable because she was attentive to everything that was said. Mrs Dalton was predisposed to be anxious, and she uneasily speculated as to whether anything serious had passed during the walk to the end of the esplanade.

Her anxiety made itself visible in a direction that had the result of adding to it.

'I suppose your father, Mr Farmley, has not yet found work for you? Why do you not go back to the bank?'

'I shouldn't care to go back to the bank,' he said, turning towards her as though the subject interested him. 'Banks as a rule are sorry drudgery. But father (I had a long letter from him this morning) has found a very desirable place, which he thinks I am fitted for—with only two drawbacks. The post is the secretaryship of a company.'

'Indeed? I am glad to hear of it. I am sure you would rather be at business, after your holiday.'

'You are quite right, Mrs Dalton; I am tired of idleness, and I am fond of work, when it is congenial. I confess I like very much the idea of this secretaryship.'

'And when do you go to commence your duties?' she inquired, with rising hope.

'The duties are waiting, if I succeed in getting the post. As I have said, there are drawbacks.'

For a moment he looked embarrassed, but soon shook it off. Mary Dalton had noticed the embarrassment, and the same instinct, shy rather than apprehensive, that had moved her before, impelled her now to interpose with the suggestion that the air was getting cool and her mother ought to come in. Mrs Dalton rose, and they walked towards their lodgings.

'The drawbacks are not serious, I hope,' the lady remarked. She was eager to convince herself that the young man was likely soon to go away.

Farmley laughed.

'That will be just as it happens,' he answered. 'One of them is my youth; but this, with a certain guarantee of stability, is not insuperable. It is the guarantee that is the main drawback.'

'A money guarantee?'

'Oh, not at all. Anything in that line, of course, my father could arrange at once. My late trip to Africa is a little against me. They want a—visible guarantee,' he said, hesitating at the choice of words, 'that a flight like that is not likely to happen again.'

'In other words,' replied Mrs Dalton courageously, 'you will have to marry and settle down?'

'That's it, Mrs Dalton,' he said, with a slightly embarrassed laugh.

They were now at the door of the ladies' lodgings, and as it was too late to be asked in, he said good-night. Mary Dalton's face was coloured with a shy tinge as he turned away. She was conscious of the point to which matters were tending, and was impatient to shut herself in her own room.

THE CASE OF THE TRAWLER AND THE LINE FISHERMEN.

By W. ANDERSON SMITH.

No part of the Scottish coast has been more before the public of late than that great bight on the north-east of Scotland called the Moray Firth. The press has teemed with paragraphs and articles thereabout, to the no small confusion of the lieges, who, as a rule, know little about a question they look upon as a storm in a teapot. Why has this particular indentation caused so much stir, and what is the character of a region of water that has made it the cynosure of neighbouring eyes? From time immemorial the district has been noted for the courage and skill of its line fishermen, who in small boats pursued the white-fishery with growing success. For the last century, since the fisheries were specially stimulated by an appreciative Government, a large amount of money has been spent around its shores. Not only has the Fishery Department—now the Fishery Board—expended money on some fifteen harbours, but the various burghs alongside have shown great enterprise and faith in their own future as fishery centres; while the proprietors—instance Lady Gordon Cathcart at Buckie—have displayed equal readiness to give freely for the stimulation of this great and important industry. A glance at the map in which railways are indicated will further show that quite a rivalry has existed in order to obtain a share in the transit of the great harvest of the sea from this firth; for some twenty termini or stations impinge upon its shores, and gather to the great centres of population the results of the fishermen's labour. These facts in themselves would make this great bight a national object of care and attention, more especially seeing that the fishing industry is undoubtedly that on which the north of Scotland mainly depends, and must continue to depend.

But a great change has come over the industry, and no part of the coast has suffered more from it than this. The introduction of beam-trawling was at first mainly confined to the English coast, where the waters are shallower and more workable. The vessels were also sailing-vessels, of comparatively small burden. The depression in the shipping-trade, however, threw a great number of steam-tugs idle for a time, and these having supplied themselves with beam-trawls, set about sweeping the shallow English seas; until the steady increase of the fleet, and the valuable pecuniary results for a time, gradually made the new departure less and less valuable. Deeper waters had to be attacked, more distant areas had to

be prospected, and soon the depths of the northern Scottish seas were scoured as persistently as had been the southern waters, now rendered unprofitable. Then Scottish capitalists entered in. A fleet hailed from Granton, and paid good dividends. The commercial instincts of Aberdeen were aroused, and the granite city first made a bold bid for the marketing of the products of the English fleet, now working freely off its coasts. It soon became, through its admirable arrangements, one of the greatest centres, and one of the most important fish-markets, in the kingdom. It could not long look on, however. Money rapidly gathered into the new and profitable industry, much of it at first said to have been from the agricultural community, who were glad of any prospect of return for money doing little good in their own depressed industry. The fleet increased rapidly, and the firth so close at hand was the natural ground for their operations. But here they came in contact with a fishing community equally progressive, equally energetic and capable, and who had invested enormous sums and the skill of a lifetime, as well as the transmitted knowledge of generations, in a totally different, and in most respects antagonistic system of fishing.

The grievance of the towns and fishing-villages of the Moray Firth may be said to be the same as that of all old systems in face of the new and more scientific. It has been compared with the complaint of the weavers against the great factories; and were it only this, while we might sympathise with and commiserate the smaller people, no modern Government could well propose to interfere in their behalf. If it were merely improved machinery against hand-labour, the fight would have to be left to the usual cruel arbitrament, the survival of the fittest. It is certain that both the trawlers and the line-fishers cannot have the fish, and if both are to continue to work over the same ground, some *modus vivendi* must be discovered to enable them to do so without serious friction. The difficulty of this is increased by the fact of steam being the motive-power in the trawling-vessels, while the ordinary line-boats are sailers. This enables the less honourable among the trawlers to evade their just responsibilities, and frequently to do direct injury to the fishing-gear of the ordinary fishermen without acknowledgment or capture. The consequent friction between the two classes is thus augmented, and the reckless conduct of a few is visited upon the many. The difference in invested capital between the two classes is also much overstated as a rule. If we take the capital invested in the boats and gear of a great line-fishing centre such as Buckie, it is probably equal to that of Aberdeen tied up in trawlers. For the cost of the improved line-boats, with the necessary equipment, now ranges from seven to nine hundred pounds, and they are manned by a body of seamen that any country might be proud of, and should secure by all reasonable protection. These boats are mainly manned and handled by those who own them; while the capitalists who own the trawling-vessels, with only one or two real seamen on board, are seldom interested in them beyond

the financial returns. The liners are also the mainstay of numerous comfortable fishing-villages, where the standard of life has been steadily rising, and the conditions are more wholesome, both for the individuals and the country, than those of the more important centres. These are all reasons advanced in favour of the line-boats, by those who look upon the question from a national point of view, and are desirous of preventing that exodus into populous haunts on the part of the fishing population, that has been so much deprecated on the part of the agriculturists.

For the most part these are at present looked upon as merely sentimental reasons, and have no real weight with the modernist, demanding cheap and plentiful production, and regardless of consequences, which are expected to 'adjust themselves' in the long run, whoever may go to the wall in the meantime. The trawlers produce cheap fish in quantity at the least cost of labour and material, and the community is the gainer thereby, say the advocates of the new and wholesale method of capture. There is doubtless much to be said for this view, and the further fact that it is easier and cheaper to construct a few great self-supporting harbours, than to erect a crowd of small boat-harbours along the coast, appeals to any Government continually called upon for aid in this direction. Still the destruction of a large, scattered, wholesome, coast population cannot be looked forward to with equanimity; and the passing of the fishing industry into the hands of a comparatively few capitalists, employing few reliable seamen, can only be justified on grounds of unquestionable public utility.

I will leave aside the objection that the trawlers are accustomed to sweep the seas on Sundays, when the conscience of the ordinary toiler of the sea will not permit him to labour. In these days this is looked upon by many as also a purely sentimental objection. The main question for the utilitarian is, does the nation as a whole benefit by this new system? And is the population along the Moray Firth meantime to be permanently injured, with the probability that they will be ultimately summoned back again to the old work when too late, the fisheries having been vitally injured along with themselves?

To give an idea of the population interested, it may be enough to say that of the 25,000 fishermen of the East coast, upwards of 14,000 are credited to the district closed, between Duncansbay Head and Rattray Head; that they own considerably more than half the boats, of considerably more than half the tonnage, representing upwards of £650,000, of the one and a half million invested in boats and gear, on the East coast. They are further credited in the official returns with the capture of more than one-third of all the fish taken on that coast. But as these hardy men land their fish-catch everywhere, it is difficult to follow their movements, or to decide to whom the various captures properly appertain.

This region of line and drift-net fishermen, then, complain that the interloping beam-trawling fleet is destroying their finest fishing-grounds; that they do this by churning up the bottom so as to destroy the spawning beds, clearing

away the fish food, as well as the 'food of the fish food'; and that they continue the competition ashore, by throwing quantities of inferior, rough-handled fish on the market, to the destruction of legitimate trade and the creation of starvation prices. They further complain that multitudes of immature, unsaleable fish are captured in the beam-trawl, that would otherwise be left to mature and restock the ground. These are all serious allegations and demand close examination, more especially in the light of the acknowledged clearance of the English seas by the trawling fleet, now seeking fresh fields. It is impossible to deny that a certain amount of injury is done in the shallower and more confined waters inshore, by the traversing of beam-trawls continually. This is quite compatible with a *per contra* in the shape of injurious fish—such as the angler—taken in vast numbers, to the advantage of the commercial fishes; and also of great numbers of the predatory white-fish removed from feeding on the herring roe in the season. It cannot be denied also that the turbot and other similar flat-fish are mainly captured by the trawl. A very considerable number of immature and unmarketable fish are likewise unfortunately destroyed by the liners. I am of opinion, however, that the balance of evidence is against beam-trawling inshore, and that the trawlers would not be unwilling to acknowledge this, and accept the result, if they had any assurance that all would be treated alike. But so long as reckless skippers will take great risks for great hauls over virgin ground that has been protected, others will feel forced to follow suit. There is a danger of allowing our sympathies with true fishermen to prevent us from doing justice to these more mechanical toilers. This has been the cause of a certain revulsion of feeling in opposition to the expanding demands of the liners. The three-mile limit seems reasonable to a landsman; and the thirteen miles now demanded appeals to outsiders as a violent leap. How much more the whole Moray Firth, with its ninety miles across from Head to Head! Yet thirteen miles off-shore is but a small matter, and only about an hour's run to sea for a good boat, such as most trawling-vessels are. At the same time it leaves a plentiful acreage of sea-bottom to act as a nursery, as well as a fishing-ground for the older men unable to go the long runs now made to sea by even the medium-sized line-boats.

The call for the closing of the Moray Firth accordingly represents a struggle for a great principle, as well as the desire to accentuate a noted fact. It is the greatest and most valuable fishing-ground, in one workable area, on the Scottish coast. It is a recognised spawning-ground for some of the most useful commercial fishes, as well as a great herring-fishery. Around its margin the railways have fought for the fish traffic, and harbours and piers have been constructed by every possible authority; from the gigantic but hopeless failure at Wick, to the latest fiasco at Balanore. As a fact, it remains the most important fishery coast of Scotland; as a protesting centre, it represents the struggle of a scattered population of liners and drift-net fishermen against the dominion of machinery and

the evil of centralisation—in fact, against revolution in a trade that loves not revolution, and is of too delicate an organisation for rough experiments. I, for one, should be sorry to see this splendid race of civilised Vikings losing their birthright, and becoming unable to traverse the whale-bath successfully. It may be that they ask too much; but they cannot get too much, for their deserts are great! The trawlers are undoubtedly not an unmitigated evil even within limited areas; but the fishermen of the Moray Firth are unquestionably an admitted blessing to a nation. The Moray Firth as now closed should be easily patrolled, and so long as this is the case, the utmost care should be taken to secure, as far as possible, the well-being of a race of which the country has every reason to be proud.

MICHAEL DARCY'S HEIRESS.

'Now for it,' I said to myself, as I undid the twine binding my precious volumes together, and prepared to examine them more carefully than I had had time to do since I unearthed them from the little, dark, second-hand book-shop that afternoon. There was nothing remarkable about them; no rare editions of well-known classics, no long-forgotten books, valuable from their very obscurity; merely a few bound volumes of old magazines, and a couple of the novels which had delighted me as a boy, and which from old association were more precious in their original type and polished leather binding than in the spruce modern editions. Best of all was a copy of Dickens's *Master Humphrey's Clock*, with the woodcuts that cannot now be reproduced. As I turned them over, I became a boy again, sitting in the old apple-tree at the end of the garden at home, devouring the thin, paper-covered instalments of the stories; laughing and sometimes crying over them, as the present day school-boys, well crammed and carefully examined students of literature as they are, are too critical to do. I adjusted my reading-lamp, drew my chair closer to the fire, and forgetting alike the cup of coffee at my side and the patient whose unusual symptoms had worried me all day, I lost myself in the company of Nell and her grandfather, Mrs Jarley, Miss Brass, and the Marchioness, seeing them with the boy's eyes, and adding to the pen and pencil sketches a roundness and completeness of detail drawn from my imagination of fifty years ago, and utterly lacking to my reading of later life.

When I had gone more than half through the second volume, I came upon a large sheet of thin paper, covered with neat, cramped writing. I took it out and looked at it. A moment's inspection showed me that it was a will, written throughout in the handwriting of the testator, Michael Darcy, and dated two years before. It left interest in the farm of Carrignalea, with stock and implements, to testator's brother, Patrick Darcy, who was also named residuary legatee, while the sum of three thousand pounds in railway stock and other investments was bequeathed to 'my late wife's niece, Anastasia French.' It was, as far as I could judge, and I have had some experience in matters of the kind, properly executed, signed, and witnessed.

It was odd to find an important document of this sort hidden away between the leaves of a book. Had Patrick Darcy and Anastasia Ffrench been left without their inheritance in consequence, I wondered. And a picture rose up in my mind of a helpless elderly woman ending her days in poverty, because the paper which would have secured her independence was not to be found.

What an old fool I was to be sure. For all I knew, Michael Darcy might be still alive, and live to make half-a-dozen fresh wills. Or even if he were dead, the chances were that this was an old will, revoked by the existence of a later one, and of no more account than any other slip of paper used to mark a book. Why had I not thought of so obvious an explanation before? I would make some inquiries about the matter next day, however; it would be easy to find out all about Michael Darcy of Carrignalea. Meantime, the will could remain between the leaves of *Master Humphrey's Clock*.

But the morrow found me flying along by express train to the bedside of my only son, who had met with a dangerous accident. And for many weeks I could think of nothing but him, and of the best means of snatching him from the extended arms of death. And when, by God's mercy, he was once more as safe from those clutches as any one of us can ever be, Michael Darcy, his will, heirs, and executors, had faded out of my mind as completely as if they had never entered it, and the will was resting undisturbed in its hiding-place among my books.

Some twelve months later, I went in the regular course of my practice to visit an old friend, who was suffering from an acute attack of pneumonia. She was an elderly lady, living alone some two or three miles outside the city. Her servants were faithful and attached, but in the absence of relatives I thought it better to insist on the services of a trained nurse. I therefore gave Mrs Power's maid a note addressed to the matron of a nursing institution in the city, asking her to send me, if possible, one of two nurses whom I named; or, if this was out of her power, to send some one on whom she could thoroughly rely. On my return next morning, I found, not indeed one of my old friends, but a bright, capable-looking young woman, whose manner of answering my questions and taking my directions impressed me favourably. She told me that she had not long returned from her course of training in one of the London hospitals, and that this was the first serious case of which she had had sole charge. As the case, though serious enough, was a simple one, I had no hesitation in leaving the nursing of it in her hands, and a few days' observation showed me that even had it been far more complicated I should have been fully justified in so doing. She was an excellent nurse, alert and watchful, knowing exactly what to do, and doing it with the quiet ease that comes of long practice. As the patient grew better, and I had time to notice less important details, I perceived that Sister Anna, besides being an excellent nurse, was a very attractive young woman. She had pretty brown hair with golden lights in it, waving and rippling all over a well-shaped, well-set

head; her eyes were dark brown, and her complexion, though pale, clear and healthy-looking. She was fairly tall, and very well built, with a look of strength and vitality pleasant to see. Her voice was low-toned and pleasant, while her choice of words and manner of speaking showed her to be an educated woman. Mrs Power was delighted with her, and spoke much of the pleasure she felt in having so intelligent and sympathetic a companion. Altogether, I thought I had reason to congratulate myself and my professional brethren on the addition to the nursing staff at our disposal.

Late one October afternoon, after a hard day's work, I drove down to Lisfallow to visit my patient, whom I had not seen for two or three days. I found Mrs Power alone in the little morning room where she usually sat, although Sister Anna's knitting-basket and web of crimson fleece gave token of her recent presence.

'Where is the sister?' I asked, during a pause in the gossip with my old friend which succeeded our brief professional interview.

'Look out of the window,' was the reply.

I went over to the deep bay-window, which formed one end of the room, and looking across the long garden, stretching behind the house, beheld Sister Anna, her prim cap laid aside, her pretty head showing above the soft gray shawl in which she had wrapped herself; and walking by her side a tall figure which I did not at first recognise. This was Laurence, Mrs Power's nephew. He was clerk in a bank, and hoped soon to be made manager of a country branch.

The young people were by this time coming up the steps leading from the garden, and presently they entered the room. Sister Anna came forward to speak to me, a pink flush on her usually pale cheek, a new light in her pretty brown eyes. Laurence Moore stood behind her, an expression of supreme content on his handsome face, while Mrs Power looked on, quiet and keen-eyed. I wondered if she were quite satisfied at the turn affairs seemed to be taking.

Sister Anna went over to her patient and made some change for the better in the arrangement of her wraps and cushions. She then seated herself in her usual low chair at the opposite side of the fire. After a few minutes' more talk I went away, Laurence Moore accompanying me to the door with an additional touch of *empressment* in his always pleasant manner.

'I wonder if he looks on me in the light of a parent or guardian to be propitiated,' I said to myself with some amusement, as I settled myself comfortably in the brougham. 'I think I shall refuse my consent—whatever may be its value. That girl is a capital nurse, much too good to be monopolised by any one man.'

About ten days later, on my next visit, I was more pleased than surprised to be introduced to Sister Anna in the character of Mrs Power's future niece, although I did mingle some selfish regrets with my congratulations.

'Oh,' said Sister Anna, laughing, 'I am not going to desert my post yet a while. It is only to be an engagement for a long time to

come, and must not be spoken of. I think I can promise not to let any thought of the future interfere with my work in the present, Dr Moran. I will put Laurence out of my head when once I enter a sick-room.'

'I am afraid it has to be a long engagement,' said Mrs Power. 'They cannot think of marrying until Laurence is a manager, and even then it would be wiser to wait until he has saved something. You know mine is but a life income, so that beyond some plate or an outfit of table linen I can do nothing to help.'

Sister Anna made it clear that she did not mind waiting. Then the conversation drifted to the subject of a former talk about artificial hearts made of india-rubber, which were warranted, according to Sister Anna, 'never to ache.'

'Come, Anna; you cannot know much about heartaches, at any rate.'

'Indeed, I had many a one the time of my uncle's death,' she answered. 'I do not know what I should have done, had I not been compelled to rouse myself and work.'

'Did your uncle know you would have to work?' asked Mrs Power.

'No; he thought that he had provided for me. In fact, I am sure that he did so; but the will could never be found, so everything went to his brother.'

'His brother?' But why did not you, his niece, come in for your share?

'Don't you see, although I called him uncle, I was only his wife's niece, and in reality no relation whatever. My aunt was living when I first came to them, so long ago that I can scarcely remember it; but she died soon after, and then my uncle and I took care of each other. The old house was a pleasant place: it did not look like a farmhouse, for there were trees about it, and an old orchard and garden. I took care of the garden. I wanted to manage the dairy, too, but uncle said the work would be too heavy for me—we had a good many cows—so there was a regular dairymaid, who never allowed me to interfere. I found it hard to get cream for uncle's tea sometimes; and I had to steal it when I wanted to make a hot cake,' she added, laughing.

'How did you employ yourself?' asked Mrs Power.

'Oh, I had the house to attend to, and the poultry-yard, as well as the garden. And then I used to read a good deal: uncle had quite a collection of books. He had been buying them all his life, chiefly second-hand ones. We used to get catalogues of second-hand books from the London dealers, and sent for those we fancied most. It was like putting into a lottery. I believe some of the books were valuable. There was an old copy of *Master Humphrey's Clock*, with pictures in it, that used to delight me when I was a child: pictures of Nell, and Quilp, and Dick Swiveller. I used to think how nice it would be if uncle and I could go wandering about the world like Nell and her grandfather; having the farm to come back to when we were tired, of course.'

The words 'his wife's niece' had somehow seemed familiar to me, but it was not until

the allusion to *Master Humphrey's Clock* had supplied another link in the chain, that there flashed into my mind the remembrance of the will hidden in the old copy at home: Michael Darcy's will, with its bequest to 'my wife's niece, Anastasia Ffrench.' I could hardly keep the excitement out of my voice as link after link in the chain of evidence was supplied, in answer to my questions. I found that her real name was Anastasia, now cut down to Anna Ffrench; that her uncle's name was Michael Darcy, and his farm was known as Carrignalea. In reply to my query as to her reasons for believing that her uncle had made a will in her favour, she said:

'After my poor uncle got the paralytic stroke of which he died, he made several attempts to speak; and as far as we could understand, his words were always about money, and about having "made it all right for Annie." Besides, our old servant always declared that about a week before his illness he had called her and another woman, who was accidentally in the house, into the sitting-room, and made them witness a paper, which he said was a will. When they had finished signing, he said, half to himself: "Now, my mind is at rest about Annie."'

'Why did he not get the will properly drawn up by a solicitor?'

'He was fond of reading law-books, and knew something about law himself. He has sometimes made wills for other people, and I never heard that there was anything wrong about them.'

'And the will could not be found?'

'The will could not be found. We hunted everywhere for it in vain, and then Patrick Darcy said he did not believe it had ever existed, and that old Margaret had invented the whole story. The other woman had left the neighbourhood by that time. Patrick Darcy offered to give me some money, but I refused to take a gift from him. I knew one of the nurses in the sisterhood here at Marshport; she had been nursing a lady in our neighbourhood the winter before: so I wrote to her, and she got me taken as a probationer. I was there for six months, and then I went to London to be trained. I intended to revolutionise the whole art of nursing, but now Laurence has spoiled all my plans.'

There was no doubt that this was the heiress of the will in my possession: the question was, Did the three thousand pounds still exist, or had the heir-at-law made away with it?

'What kind of man is this Patrick Darcy?' I asked.

'A hard man. Very close about money. He is a good deal younger than my uncle.'

'Is he married?'

'No, he never married; his one idea is to save money. I don't know what will become of it when he dies, for he has no one of his own.'

This was satisfactory; and I took my leave as soon as I could, feeling a little ashamed of my apparently motiveless curiosity, which, I could see, surprised my old friend somewhat.

The first thing I did on reaching home was to take *Master Humphrey* from the book-shelves,

and make sure that the will was quite safe. Next morning I took it to my own solicitor, who assured me that it was a valid will, properly executed. He also promised to make inquiries about Patrick Darcy. And these inquiries proved satisfactory; for, in a few days, he informed me that Patrick Darcy was a well-to-do man, and a mark for a far larger sum than the one due to Anastasia Ffrench.

A day or two later, therefore, I presented myself again at Mrs Power's.

'I have brought you a wedding-present, my dear,' I said to Sister Anna, handing her the three volumes of *Master Humphrey*.

'Of course,' I added, seeing the look of surprise that Mrs Power could not entirely conceal, 'you shall have the orthodox bracelet or claret-jug later on: this is only a preliminary.'

'Indeed, Dr Moran,' said Sister Anna, 'I don't think anything could give me greater pleasure than this: it is just like the copy of *Master Humphrey* we had at home. Why, I do believe it is the actual book. Here is the very pencil-mark that poor uncle was so angry with me for making. Where did you get this, Dr Moran? Was it from Patrick Darcy?'

'I bought it, my dear, at a second-hand book-shop, a year or two ago. It was only the other day I discovered that you had an interest in it. Turn to the picture of Barnaby and his raven. I think you will find something there that concerns you.'

She turned the pages with a practised hand, until she reached the one she sought.

'Oh!' she exclaimed, 'here is my uncle's writing. How strange it seems to find it here.'

'Read it,' I said.

She glanced quickly over it, the colour fading out of her cheek as she did so. 'It is the will,' she gasped—'my uncle's will.'

Mrs Power was by her side in a moment.

'Nonsense, Annie; how could your uncle's will have found its way into Dr Moran's book? Here, let me see it.' And she took the paper from the girl's passive hand.

Anastasia Ffrench looked at me questioningly.

'Yes, my dear,' I said, 'it is all right; I have shown the will to my solicitor, and he says that you will have no difficulty in making good your claim to the money your uncle intended for you.'

'But I do not understand,' said Mrs Power. 'How did the will come into your possession, Dr Moran?'

'When I bought these books, with some others, I found the will lying as you see, between the leaves. I thought that it was probably a discarded will, invalidated by the existence of a later one. I meant, however, to make some inquiries about it; but, before I had time to do so, I received the news of Philip's accident, which put all minor matters out of my head for a long time. I forgot all about the will, until it was recalled to my mind a few days ago by the sound of the name Anastasia Ffrench. You must forgive me for my carelessness, my dear; it is owing to me that you did not come into possession of your money a year ago.'

'I am more grateful to you, if possible, for having forgotten the will last year, than for

having remembered it now. Had you made its existence known a year ago, I would not, in all probability, be here to-day.'

'I did not think of that aspect of the case. Then you would have given up nursing had you known that you need not do so as a means of livelihood?'

'Certainly not; but I should in that case have done volunteer work, and so never have known Mrs Power.'

'Nor Laurence,' supplemented that lady. 'I think he has the strongest motive of all for being grateful to Dr Moran. But what has become of this money now? Annie's uncle has been dead three years.'

'The money is perfectly safe, and probably well invested. Mr Patrick Darcy is, by all accounts, not at all the man to let money lie idle.'

'And can Annie get it back?'

'Certainly; there will be little or no difficulty about that. So you may begin to see about your trousseau at once, Miss Annie. I suppose the marriage need not be delayed now,' I said, turning to Mrs Power.

'Certainly not. Three thousand pounds will make all the difference between a foolish marriage and a prudent one. Don't you think you could be ready in six weeks, Annie?'

'I do not know about that, said Annie, 'but I am certain Laurence could not. Had we not better say six months, Mrs Power?'

As a matter of fact, however, the marriage took place the following spring. Laurence was manager of a country branch of his bank by that time, so that the young people had to make their home in a small seaport town some thirty miles from Marshport.

My wedding-present to Sister Anna did not, after all, consist of either bracelet or claret-jug, but of a small collection of books, some of them her old favourites, others specimens of more modern literature. I have not yet seen her home; but she writes me word that *Master Humphrey's Clock* stands in the middle of the book-shelves, more prized almost for having belonged to Michael Darcy than for having been for so long the safe resting-place of his missing will.

DRAUGHTS: A POPULAR INDOOR GAME.

As recreation should play an important part in every wisely-ordered life, it is gratifying to observe the growing popularity of certain games. Happily, in these days there are pastimes to suit persons of all ages and conditions. Among outdoor games golf, football, and cycling have made the most notable advancement. In fact, in some circles these have become a sort of fetic. But while the devotees of these exhilarating pursuits have been increasing by leaps and bounds, pastimes, which make a greater demand on the intellectual powers, have been receiving more and more attention. Whist is as popular as it is delightful; chess numbers its followers by thousands; and draughts, which forms the subject of this

article, can boast of its tens of thousands of ardent and more or less advanced students. There are flourishing draughts clubs in all the big towns in Britain, and in most of those in the United States and Australia. In the numerous mechanics' institutes and recreation rooms throughout the country, draughts players have admirable facilities for improving their knowledge of the intricacies of the pastime. Scores of weekly newspapers set apart a considerable portion of their space for problems, games, and news-notes. Not only that, but there are several monthly magazines devoted exclusively to the game.

Draughts is a ubiquitous recreation. It is loved by high and low, rich and poor. The workman, after the labours of the day, solaces himself with a pipe and a game; and the sailor, with his watches, beguiles in a similar way many an otherwise tedious hour. The great Bismarck is very fond of the pastime, and he is said to possess the finest board in the world. The pieces and squares are of gold and silver, with a diamond in the middle of each silver square and a ruby in the centre of each draughts-'man.' But the costliness of the implements does not necessarily imply first-class play or increased enjoyment, and it may safely be assumed that the pleasure of the country yokel is not lessened one whit by the fact that he only plays with a home-made board and bits of cork as pieces. In this connection, draughts is not unlike angling. How often have we known the daintily-dressed city man with elaborate and expensive tackle whip a stream all day to little purpose, while a country lad with the rudest appliances would kill a few pounds of excellent fish. In an analogous manner many a good draughts player has acquired his skill by the use of the commonest kind of board and pieces. As a matter of fact, we have seen many a fine game played with potato chips on a sheet of paper. With the view of assisting some charitable institution, games are sometimes contested with living pieces—that is, boys or girls in fancy costumes act as the 'men.' A match of this kind took place at Nottingham a few months ago.

Draughts in some shape or form is doubtless a very ancient pastime. Indeed, the safest thing to say about it is that its origin is lost in the mists of antiquity. Representations of persons playing at a game resembling draughts are frequently found on ancient Egyptian monuments at least three thousand years old. The Greeks had a similar game, from whom possibly it passed to the Romans. At least the old Roman game of *latrunculi* seems to have been a kind of draughts—though it is doubtful if the game as now played is very ancient. The game was popular and well known in France and Spain in the seventeenth century, and was probably played there and in England centuries before that. That it was from France the game came into many of the other countries is evident from the fact that the French name—*jeu de dames*—passed with it. *Dam* or *dame* was once the regular English name for one of the pieces; in Germany the game is still called *damespiel*; in Holland the board is *dambord*, and in Scotland (as will be remembered by readers of Dean Ramsay's anecdotes) *dambrod* still

survives. In the United States the less usual name of *chequers*, spelt *checkers*, is employed. Polish, Spanish, Italian, and Turkish draughts are varieties of the same game. The Polish game, which has several peculiarities, was introduced to Paris in 1723, and was at first played on a board of a hundred squares, with forty men.

Draughts is very easily learned, but it is by no means an easy game. In a few minutes one can understand the moves, but years of assiduous study and practice are required before the subtleties of this profound intellectual pastime can be mastered. The great Scottish player, James Wyllie, who is seventy-seven years of age, and who is known throughout the English-speaking world as 'the Herd Laddie'—a soubriquet which has stuck to him since 1832, when his master, a Biggar cattle-dealer, introduced him, a boy of fourteen, to the Edinburgh 'cracks'—has played the game incessantly since boyhood, and he affirmed recently that he is still discovering new and beautiful lines of play. Wyllie is the high-priest of draughts, just as Tom Morris is the high-priest of golf, in virtue of years, brilliant performances, and recognised worth of character. Considering his age he plays a remarkably fine game. One has sorrowfully to admit, however, that he is past his best, as his great match last year with Ferrie showed. All the same, his record as a match-player will probably never be excelled. Wyllie is short in stature with a big bald head, bright eyes, and round ruddy face. For many years, when travelling from town to town for the purpose of playing exhibition games, he wore a woollen cravat and a Kilmarnock bonnet. He now appears in club rooms with a neat collar and a natty smoking-cap. While on his way to a draughts players' 'howf,' it is recorded that he was caught in a heavy shower of rain, and got his umbrella thoroughly soaked. By the time he finished play, the watery clouds had rolled past and the sun was shining brightly. As soon as he got outside he put up his umbrella. A friend who was with him said: 'Man, Jamie, it's no rainin' the noo.'—'No,' replied Wyllie, 'but my umbrella's wat.' Wyllie has travelled extensively, having made long tours in the United States, Canada, Australia, and New Zealand, where he met all classes of players. Walking is his only physical exercise, and a few miles daily are sufficient to keep him in good health. He neither smokes nor drinks.

Another grand old man of draughts is Robert Martins—a Scotsman by adoption, but an Englishman by birth. He is the junior of Wyllie by a few years, and he is also an ex-champion of the world. In personal appearance he is the reverse of the 'Herd Laddie,' being tall, pale-faced, and long-headed. He is courteous in manner, and very cautious in expressing an opinion about a knotty point in a game, always prefacing his remarks by 'I think,' or 'I'm not sure.' He and Wyllie have played no fewer than six championship matches, the net result of which is that Wyllie is three games ahead, while Martins's pocket is the gainer by twenty pounds. The last important match Martins engaged in took place in Glasgow

nine years ago, when C. F. Barker of Boston defeated him by three wins to one with forty-five drawn games. For many years Wyllie and Martins have acted as peripatetic instructors to the ambitious draughts players of England and Scotland. Their services are constantly in request, and proud, indeed, is the budding champion when he manages to draw a game with either of the veterans. Skill at draughts is not usually associated with the musical faculty, but Martins, and another celebrated player, James Moir, are notable exceptions. The former is a skilful violinist, while the latter possesses a rich, well-trained tenor voice.

The champion of the world (until beaten by Jordan in Glasgow, on June 19) was James Ferrie, born at Greenock of Irish parents in 1857. He has played draughts since boyhood, and when only eighteen years of age, he carried off the championship of the Greenock Wellington Draughts Club. Next year he won the first prize in the Glasgow Central Club handicap, and he has contested numerous matches and has never been defeated until this year in a set encounter, his most important victories having been over Reed of America, Bryden of Glasgow, and Wyllie. He met the last-named gladiator in Glasgow last year. The match attracted a great deal of attention, and was perhaps the most important contest of the kind ever played. It was in truth the meeting of a man in his prime, with one whose intellectual vigour, great as it had been, had now begun to show signs of decay. From the very first the issue was never in doubt, and when the 88th game ended in a draw, it was mutually agreed to terminate the match, the score then being—Ferrie, 13 wins; Wyllie, 6 wins; drawn, 63. All the openings were tried, and many beautiful lines of play disclosed. An interesting fact in connection with the encounter was that Wyllie only secured one game with the white pieces, while Ferrie's wins comprised seven with the black and six with the white men. Ferrie, who is a joiner, is a singularly unassuming person. In helping to remove the difficulties of a beginner he is always ready to oblige.

In addition to these worthies there is a number of younger and just as brilliant players in Scotland. In R. Jordan, Edinburgh (champion of the world for 1896), R. Stewart (champion of Scotland for 1894 and 1895), and G. Buchanan, the 'Land o' Cakes' can boast of three youthful checkerists whose equals are not to be found in Christendom. Buchanan is known as 'the Glasgow prodigy,' and is not yet out of his teens. There are several very able players in England, notably Jordan, Richmond, Beattie, Gardner, Jewitt, Christie, and Birkenshaw, but the best of them is no match for an equal number of Scottish 'cracks.' Two international matches have already taken place—one in Glasgow and the other in London—and both ended in victories for the northern players. In America there are three first-class men—C. A. Freeman, C. F. Barker, and J. P. Reed.

The literature of the game is very extensive. Probably no other pastime can boast of so many explanatory handbooks. The first treatise of which we have any record was published in

Spain by Torquemada in the sixteenth century. A century later the works of Canalejas and Garcez appeared, the former in 1650 and the latter in 1685. Canalejas was an enthusiast, and in his introduction he said: 'Draughts may be likened to the game of life, seeing that we have at one time the pieces, diverse in their values, figuring on the board, but eventually, whether queens or pawns, swept without distinction from their brief authority, and entombed upon an equality in the sepulchre; it is also a lively image of war, when the least error or a neglected stratagem occasions the loss of the battle.' A French manual was published in 1668 under the title of *Jeu de Dames*. The compiler was Pierre Mallet, mathematician to the king of France, who was so confident in his own powers that he challenged in quaintly humorous terms any Christian or barbarian champion to play him a match for a dozen pistoles. The pioneer of British draughts literature was William Payne, a teacher of mathematics, who published a treatise in 1756. The special feature of this work is the dedication, which was composed by the great Dr Johnson, who was particularly fond of the game.

Payne was followed by Joshua Sturges, who issued his *Guide to the Game of Draughts* in 1800. Sturges (a revised edition of whose work was published last December) placed the game on a thoroughly scientific basis, and greatly improved and extended the play of his predecessors. Scotsmen now stepped into the arena, and for many years monopolised attention by the number and brilliancy of their productions. A Glasgow man, J. Sinclair, set the ball a-rolling, to use a football simile, in 1832; John Drummond, who was never beaten in a match, gave it a vigorous kick with his first edition in 1838; and W. Hay kept it moving smartly with his volume, which appeared in the same year. In 1848 the great Andrew Anderson, one of the finest players the world has seen, who had the best of a series of matches with Wyllie, published his first edition at Lanark, followed four years later by his celebrated 'second edition,' a work for which as much as twenty-five shillings have been given. This book, after being corrected and amplified by R. McCulloch, is recognised as the standard work to-day. Among the later contributors to the literature of the game may be mentioned Spayth, Barker, Robertson, Bowen, Hill, Lees, and Kear.

Beginners often imagine that experts employ some mysterious mathematical rule, but there is no secret or royal road to a mastery of draughts. In this connection the old darkey's description of how he trained mules may be quoted: 'Rules, sah! golly da ain't 'zactly no rules for a mule, sah. Dah's such a heap o' variety in the critters; for a rule dat would work wif dis animal ain't worf a cent wif that yellor cuss! Dah's so many sudden turns an' tantrums 'bout a Kentucky mule that a rule wouldn't work no better nor a last year's almanac! The principal thing, sah, is to keep away from his hoofs—hang on to patience and perseverance, an' always keep yo' eye peeled an' yo' intellec' a-workin'.' While it is true that great draughts players, like great chess players,

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are born, not made, considerable skill may be acquired by studying the best works and practising with first-class players. It has been asserted that all the moves are to be found in the books. This is not so. No doubt thousands of variations have been published, but there are numerous bypaths which have never been adequately explored. Keen analysts are constantly discovering new moves, but many of these they very excusably keep to themselves for use in match play.

It has occasionally been stated that chess is a more scientific game than draughts. This view is not supported by those who play both pastimes equally well. Undoubtedly the end games in draughts are far more subtle than those in chess. There is, for instance, no ending in chess which excels in beauty and ingenuity the 'first position' in draughts. Moreover, after a premature move has been made, the player has more opportunities of recovering himself in chess than in draughts. Continuing the comparison, it must be admitted that chess permits of more scope for the imagination, while draughts demands greater accuracy. Chess may be likened to a regiment of cavalry, and draughts to a battalion of infantry. Generally speaking, the former will attract the individual with an impetuous temperament, while the latter will fascinate the person with a more calculating and logical mind. All the same, the impulsive man and the plodder are to be found among the devotees of each recreation.

While draughts is a keen intellectual exercise, perhaps too much has been made of it as a discipliner of the mind. It is certainly not so efficacious in this respect as mathematics. But it distinctly fosters such admirable virtues as foresight, caution, patience, and concentration. A few words of admonition, however, must be given. To some people the game has a fatal fascination. Its constant practice produces a species of mental intoxication, which causes a distaste to the duties of daily life. The pastime should be absolutely subsidiary to one's everyday occupation. Indeed, it would be well if business men made it a rule never to play until after working-hours. He was a truly wise man, a real sage, who declared: 'I do not live to play, but play in order that I may live, and return with greater zest to the labours of life.'

THE RETURN OF THE REJECTED—HOW EDITORS SEND BACK MANUSCRIPTS.

It has happened to all of us, I suppose, at some period of our career, to have been rejected, to have had our best efforts returned 'with thanks,' and the fruit of our labour cast back upon our hands—occasionally with the added bitterness of insufficient postage. Vainly do we try to extract consolation from the reflection that to professional jealousy solely must be ascribed the oft-repeated return of our most cherished manuscript. In the privacy of our innermost hearts we sorrowfully perceive that this theory, although 'grateful and comforting,' is,

albeit, a trifle 'thin.' After all, editors make their living by accepting good manuscripts; and the conviction that to this must be ascribed the non-acceptance of our loftiest endeavours for the public enlightenment, slowly dawns upon us. But this conclusion is the result of a ripper experience. Nothing will convince the embryo 'author' that the rejection of his able treatise, in 42 pages, foolscap, on the 'Conchological Aspect of the Glacial Epoch' by the editor of *Comical Chips* had anything to do with its unsuitability to the requirements of that popular and enterprising periodical. 'Unsuitability, forsooth! Nothing of the sort!' is his indignant exclamation when this is mildly suggested. Professional jealousy, pure and simple, is, he is convinced, the sole explanation.

And what are the reasons for the return of our manuscript? Apart from the mere failure, from a literary point of view, of the quality of the manuscript submitted, there are many reasons why so much is returned to its despairing progenitors. These are chiefly (1) unsuitability to the requirements of the magazine to which it is offered, (2) excessive length of treatment, (3) illegibility of handwriting (*N.B.* always get your manuscript type-written, it pays), and (4) want of general interest in the subject treated, a plethora of manuscripts, or the subject has just been discussed, and so on *ad infinitum*.

I have often wondered if there lives a man who can truthfully say that the first article that he wrote—his maiden effort—was accepted by the first editor to whom it was submitted, and printed, without modification, as written. I am, of course, referring only to an outside contribution, and not to an article written to order. If so, I should like to meet him, to grasp him by the hand, and, on behalf of my brother tyros, ask him 'how it's done?' Probably I should privately entertain, at the same time, very strong doubts of that young man's veracity.

It is astonishing to observe the sameness which editors display in the composition of the forms of rejection which accompany the return of one's manuscript. It is, perhaps, rather difficult to display any striking originality in expressing in a few words, and with a decent amount of courtesy, that your manuscript is unsuitable, that they don't want it, and are accordingly returning it. Some do so 'with thanks,' others 'with regrets.' The *Cornhill* is especially lavish in this respect, the editor returning a manuscript of mine 'with compliments and thanks.' Others enter into elaborate and graceful explanations to the effect that 'pressure on their space compels them to return the accompanying manuscript, for the offer of which they are much obliged.' This is the form used by the *Daily Graphic*. I have two from *Chambers*. In one, the 'editor of *Chambers's Journal* regrets his inability to avail himself of the kindly offered contribution,' to which is appended in pencil the words 'with many thanks,' and, in the second, this is varied by 'with compliments.' The editor of the

Westminster Gazette, on a beautifully lithographed sheet of note-paper, 'presents his compliments to . . . and regrets that he is unable to use the accompanying manuscript, which accordingly he returns with many thanks.' Others, however, are brutally frank, and curtly decline to have anything to do with it, returning your manuscript mangled and dirty, after many weeks' detention, without a word. The editor of *The Pall Mall Magazine* 'regrets that the accompanying manuscript is unsuitable to its pages, and therefore returns it with thanks.' Here we have a model form of rejection—cause and effect expressed in the fewest possible words. Accompanying the return of an article from *The English Illustrated Magazine* is a notification that 'the editor regrets that he is unable to use the enclosed contribution and therefore returns it with many thanks.' For brevity, that supplied by *The Sketch* must be awarded the palm—'The editor regrets to be compelled to decline the enclosed.' From the *Strand Magazine* comes an intimation that 'the editor presents his compliments to the writer of the enclosed contribution, and regrets that want of space prevents him from making use of it.' There is not much originality in *Longmans*, except that it differs from most of the other forms in being lithographed instead of printed—'The editor of *Longman's Magazine* much regrets that he is unable to make use of the enclosed manuscript. He therefore returns it with thanks.' Another briefly expressed rejection is that of *The Globe*, in which we learn that 'the editor is much obliged for the offer of the manuscript now returned, but regrets to say that he is unable to accept it.' A noble effort is made by the *Cosmopolitan Magazine* to somewhat soften the blow. On a type-written form a member of the staff says: 'I regret that we are unable to use the manuscript which you have been kind enough to submit. In returning your manuscript I am instructed to express the thanks of the editors for having been permitted to examine it.' On the back of this form are printed thirteen hints to would-be contributors, by the due observance of which their chances of meeting with acceptance for their work are much enhanced. Under the circumstances I can hardly do better than conclude with the following extracts therefrom:

(1) 'The rejection of a manuscript does not necessarily imply an opinion unfavourable to the literary quality of the work, but only means that the manuscripts returned do not meet any existing needs of *The Cosmopolitan*, however well they may be adapted to the wants of other periodicals.'

(2) 'Manuscripts should never be rolled, but folded flat.'

(3) 'It is desirable that material for illustration accompany articles which from their character demand illustration in the magazine.'

(4) 'Type-writing is always preferable to hand-writing.'

In conclusion, the receipt of a form to the effect that the editor of *Chambers's Journal* 'has much pleasure' in accepting this article for publication, has deprived me of what might have been one more example to add to this list of the 'return of the rejected.'

THE LARK'S FLIGHT.

... 'The crime was a murder of brutal violence. The execution took place after the old custom in Scotland on the spot where the crime had been committed, a lonely stretch of grass-land, some distance outside the city of Glasgow. The criminals were Irish navvies, members of a large gang employed in the neighbourhood, and as there were rumours of a rescue, a detachment of cavalry, supplemented by field-pieces, surrounded the scaffold. The men were being brought in a cart to the place of execution, and when they reached the turn of the road, where they could first see the black cross beam, with its empty halters upon it, the doomed men cast an eager, fascinated gaze. . . . Around it a wide space was kept clear by the military; the cannon was placed in position, out flashed the swords of the dragoons, beneath and around on every side was the crowd. . . . The season was early May, the day was fine, the wheat-fields were clothing themselves in the green of the young crop, and around the scaffold, standing on a sunny mound, a wide space was kept clear. When the men appeared beneath the beam, each under his own halter, there was a dead silence—every one was gazing too intently to whisper to his neighbour even. Just then, out of the grassy space at the foot of the scaffold, in the dead silence audible to all, a lark rose from the side of its nest and went singing upward in its happy flight. Oh heaven! how did that song translate itself into dying ears?' . . . (From an essay by Alexander Smith, of Glasgow.)

Under the gallows tree

The lark springs up from the dewy grass
Where the feet of the doomed to their last goal pass;
Away from earth with its care and sin
As a soul which the Blessed land doth win.
Beneath, the shame and the mute despair
And the last lorn look on a world so fair.
But a burst of song from the azure height
Where the lark soars singing in happy flight
Comes down as an Eden voice from afar,
To spirits shut out by the flaming bar
Under the gallows tree.

Under the gallows tree

Comes a choking sob as the wild notes ring.
The dying behold a far-off Spring;
They are children again at the cabin door,
Watching the lark from the heather soar;
They hear it sing o'er the fields of May
And their mother's voice—was it yesterday?
For the years have vanished away with a bound,
The years with their sinful, sorrowful round.
Oh, life was sweet in those days of old;
It has ended now as a tale that is told
Under the gallows tree.

Under the gallows tree,

As the joy of song on the silence breaks,
A passion of late repentance wakes;
The hot tears gush from eyes long dry,
And a muttered prayer-word seeks the sky.
Hath it travelled upward by way of the light?
Hath it pierced to the throne of the Infinite?
Who knoweth? A moment, and all is done—
On each dead face falleth the bright May sun.
They have passed to a world whence comes no sign,
While the lark sings on, and the dewdrops shine
Under the gallows tree.

MARY GORGES.

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